

Billy and Steve Go Camping by pookiestheone

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Summary:

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Billy and Steve Go Camping

One Monday Billy pulled Steve behind the lockers at the end of practice.

“Jesus, Billy, not here. Someone might see”

“Aw, you know you want to, pretty boy, but that’s not it.”

“OK, So?”

“Do I sense disappointment?” Billy asked as he made a grab for his crotch.

“Stop fucking around. What?”

“Want to go camping this weekend? Saturday and Sunday. Neil and Susan are going away with Max so I’m all set. But you’re going to have to choose where because take me out of Hawkins and I might get lost.”

“Camping?”

“Yeah. So what? I used to camp when I was in California. Just didn’t have a reason in the godforsaken place.” He leant in and nipped at Steve’s ear. “Until now. ”

Steve pushed him away.

“Just trying to imagine you camping. I mean you squirt cheap cologne down your jeans. Gonna take that with you?”

“I’ll have you know that’s Polo. And no, because I figured you’d be down my jeans and you like the natural scent.” Billy started to laugh. “You’re blushing. I can’t believe you’re blushing.”

“Shut up.”

“Besides I was more concerned about you and not being able to keep that mane of yours all fluffy. Do you take Farrah Fawcett with you when you camp?”

“Jesus, shut up.” But Steve was laughing despite himself. “OK, camping. I’ll see if Dustin wants to come to.”

“Wait. Dustin? What the hell? Dustin?”

“Sure. He’d enjoy it.”

“But I didn’t ask him.”

“No, but I will.” Steve looked quickly around the corner of the lockers, then grabbed him by the neck and kissed him. “It’ll be fun.”

Billy watched him walk away. “Yeah, fun.”

And that was why at nine on Saturday morning Billy and Steve were riding in the front seat while Dustin, and because Dustin wanted the others along, Lucas, Will and Mike were crammed into the back. The boys wanted El too but Steve said no to a co-ed camping trip. And that was also why Billy was driving a station wagon that Steve managed to borrow. Because instead of just the two of them in the Camaro he had four kids, tents, sleeping bags, coolers, a portable barbeque and God knew what else.

A fucking station wagon. I’m driving a fucking station wagon. Still that was a bit better than being a passenger in one.

Steve could tell that Billy was just hanging on as the boys squabbled in the back.

“Dustin, you farted,” Mike said holding his nose.

“I did not. It was Lucas.”

“No way. You smell your own farts first,” Lucas countered.

“For God’s sake, Steve,” Billy grumbled, “make them stop or so help me I’ll run us into the next tree.”

“All right guys,” Steve warned as he turned around, “settle the hell down. You’ve got all weekend to fart and blame each other.”

Billy’s grip on the steering wheel tightened. “That isn’t what I

meant.”

“Don’t worry, they have their own tent, remember.”

“It’s not the farts, you jerk, it’s the talking. It never ends.”

“They have their own tent,” Steve repeated as he furtively slipped his hand over to his knee and squeezed. “We’ll tire them out. This place has all kinds of trails to hike, there’s a lake they can swim in.”

“Or better yet drown in.”

“Are we almost there?” Will asked from the back seat. “I gotta pee.”

“We’ve only been on the road an hour and a half. Didn’t you go before you left?” Billy asked in disbelief.

“It’s only another five minutes,” Steve cut in, “so hold it.”

“Steve ...”

He wasn’t sure if Billy was threatening or pleading.

“Yes, five minutes. You’ll see the sign on the right.”

Still he almost missed the dirt road until Steve yelled and he made a sharp right sending the boys careening into each other.

“You should have let Steve drive,” Will grouched as he untangled himself from the others.

“Listen, kid ...” Billy turned his head and took one hand off the steering wheel to drape it over the back of the seat.

“BILLY!” Steve yelled. “Tree. TREE.”

He skidded to a stop and jumped out of the car.

“All right you four, don’t move. Hear me?” Steve ordered as he got out to go to Billy who was kicking at the tree he almost hit.

“This was your bright idea, Steve. I wanted us to be alone.”

Steve bumped him with his shoulder. "We're here. It's not busy and I know a good spot to set up the tents only a couple of minutes up the road. Once that's done things will settle down. And remember we have our own tent tonight. All night."

"Promises, promises. But OK, I'll chill out."

"Hey, guys," Will complained, leaning out the open window, "I still have to pee."

Billy turned and Steve crossed his fingers that the words going to come out of his mouth didn't involve "fucking murder you". "OK, get over here and go behind the tree."

"Thank God," Will muttered as he ran past.

After Will rejoined them in the car they drove to the gate and Steve paid the twenty-five dollar entrance fee as Billy complained.

"It's for the firewood, the lifeguard, showers, toilets and other stuff, don't bitch Billy. This isn't camping in the rough." Then barely audibly so only Billy would hear over the resumed clamour in the backseat. "Would you want to be camping in the rough with these four?"

"It's still too much if you ask me."

They quickly found the spot Steve had mentioned; Billy had to agree it looked nice. A large, well-sheltered area more than big enough for two tents. It sat on raised ground in a clearing with a fire pit and logs around it acting as seats and even a picnic table. There was a good-sized pile of firewood off to one side.

"OK, Steve and I'll get the tents off the roof, you four dig the red cooler and the sleeping bags out of the back then you can help us set up."

Steve helped Dustin and Mike with the boys' tent while Lucas and Will went to the other side of the site with Billy who still wasn't sure how comfortable Lucas would be with him after the way he had treated him. And although he was trying his best to keep fixing it he really couldn't blame him.

A couple of months after he and Steve had got together he had managed, at Steve's urging, to apologise to Lucas and tell him it was nothing he had done, that it was all his fault and promised it wouldn't happen again. And that was harder than he expected because he knew it was the truth and facing it was painful. Lucas just commented that "you were a jerk" and seemed to accept it, but he was still wary at times.

Billy had spent most of his life never apologising, except to his father when he forced him to and that was never sincere. Apologising meant you were sorry for something and he never was because he had convinced himself that it was always someone else's fault. Until he met Steve.

Steve was the first person he said he was sorry to and meant it because he was really the first person he had cared about since his mother died. And being with him, even if it was in secret, made him start to look at himself. He wouldn't let him get away with things and Billy understood he did that not because he wanted to control him, but because he cared about him too. And somehow being cared about, even, he hoped, being loved, began to make a difference. He started out not wanting to disappoint Steve and eventually he didn't want to disappoint himself either.

To Billy's surprise Will seemed to know what he was doing and was able to guide Lucas.

"So have you two been camping before?"

"Yeah," Will answered as he raised one pole. "Jonathan took me a few times."

"Not me," Lucas chimed in. "Just not something we've ever done. Sounded like fun though when Dustin asked."

"OK, Lucas," Billy nodded towards the pegs. "We've got the poles up, now I'll tighten the guy wires while you two take care of the pegs

around the bottom. Have to make sure everything is tight so it doesn't collapse on us in the middle of the night. Just be careful with the hammer. Steve will kill me if you hit yourselves."

"I know what I'm doing. I'll show Lucas."

Steve finished before them and came over to check.

"You need help?" he asked.

"Nope." Billy shook his head as he stood watching Will and Lucas. "My guys are doing just fine."

Steve smiled and draped his arm across his shoulder. *Your guys.*

Billy shook him off with a warning look.

Steve shrugged. "Told you things would get better once we got here."

When the boys had finished Billy checked that everything was good and sent them over to join Mike and Dustin while he and Steve rolled out their sleeping bag. They had bought three two-people bags, rather than trying to force six singles into the back of the wagon. It didn't save much room, but for the two of them it was a good excuse and the boys had no problem with it. Besides two people in a sleeping bag could share the warmth on the cool Saturday night they were expecting.

"OK," Steve began as he sat down on the bag, "we'll take them hiking for a couple of hours, feed them sandwiches for lunch. I packed enough prepared stuff to last us, nothing that will spoil though. Make them rest then off to the lake for a swim. I think they brought a couple of games that will keep them entertained if they get restless. You got enough sodas to float a battleship. Oh, and beer for us just in case. What else? Hot dogs, two dozen. You bought two dozen? Marshmallows. And the makings for smores. Chips. If we forgot anything there's a store about a ten minute walk. Ice cream, ice, we'll probably need ice, candy ..."

Billy shut him up by kneeling down and kissing him.

"Well now," Steve gasped when he finally sat back, "that's the way to

start a weekend of camping.”

“Then just imagine how we’ll spend the night.”

“Hey, Steve,” Dustin yelled as he ran across the campsite, “what are going to do first?”

Billy smiled and stood, pulling Steve up with him. “Your son’s calling.”

Once they made sure everyone was organised they headed off, first to find the showers and toilets, then down a trail that Steve had taken before. Things went well although Steve had to keep reminding them not to wander off the trail.

“We’re not going to spend the weekend listening to any of you guys moan because you found poison ivy on your little side trips.”

At one point the boys got ahead of them while Steve and Billy were talking. When they caught up they found them in a shallow stream, pants rolled up, shoes in hand. They stood on the bridge and just watched for a while before moving them along. Between that, a stop to look at a woodpecker, Mike swearing he saw a rabbit so they all had to stand still for ten minutes and other distractions it was almost lunch time before they got back. Billy had to give Lucas minor first aid where he had tripped and scraped his elbow, but otherwise they were fine.

After lunch they planned on spending the afternoon at the lake. While Billy sorted out towels, blankets and suntan lotions, Steve changed into some cutoffs that served as his swimming trunks then went to check on the boys. When Billy came out of their tent shirtless, but still in his jeans, Steve felt a twinge of regret.

“So, not going swimming?” he asked as they followed the boys to the beach.

“You’ll see.”

“Too bad. Sorta looking forward to you dripping wet.”

“We don’t always get what we want.”

They spread out the blankets and Steve plopped down on his back, resting on his elbows as he watched the boys dash to the water and dive in. Billy just stood in front of him, off to one side, for a minute, then unzipped his jeans and dropped them. Steve suddenly found it hard to breath. *Those sure as hell aren't cutoffs.*

Billy was wearing the skimpiest suit he had ever seen. Multi-patterned blue that rose not quite high enough to cover his crotch hair which peeked over the waistband.

"So," he asked as he turned and stretched causing the suit to drop a little more, "what do you think? It's a Speedo. Got a couple of new ones in California before we moved here."

"Well, fuck me," was all Steve managed to get out before he switched positions so that he was still facing him, but on his stomach, grinding himself imperceptibly into the blanket

"Oh," he leered and winked, "I think we can arrange that tonight. Want to come for a swim?"

"Yeah, yeah, just give me a minute."

Billy laughed and ran toward the water. Steve watched as a couple of heads turned and one woman in particular, who looked to be in her thirties, slowly lowered her sunglasses as he sprinted by. *My God, Billy. What the hell am I going to do with you?* He started to giggle because he knew exactly what he was going to do with him.

They spent the afternoon at the beach although Steve didn't let the boys stay in the water all the time. And Billy made sure they put on t-shirts rather than wandering around getting sunburned. The boys found some other kids their own age and spent quite a bit of time with them while the two of them sat on their blanket between dips and talked or just watched. A girl dropped by to flirt with Billy and he played along, but sent her on her way when he saw Steve getting jealous.

"You do that on purpose, don't you."

"What?" Billy asked. That girl? She came on to me; I didn't go

looking for her.”

“Yeah, so how do you think I feel while I’m sitting here? Like a spare prick at a wedding, that’s how.”

“It doesn’t mean anything, Steve. Just some fun.”

“For you, maybe.”

“Look, I’m sorry. You know I’m trying and you know I’d never fool around on you, but we need to keep up the act. We may be fucking, but no one can know. So I pretend so I can keep people off the scent. Hell, you do it too. You took that bleached blond to the dance last month. You didn’t see me getting pissed.”

“I know. It’s just ...” Steve sighed. “It’s just it hurts sometimes.”

Billy looked around then reached over and put his hand on top of Steve’s. “Someday thinks will be different. Someday neither of us will hurt.”

Just as Steve was about to answer him, he quickly pulled his hand away when he heard Will.

“Hey guys, we’re hungry. Can we eat?”

“Sure thing. Gather up the stuff and let’s get that barbeque going. Just hotdogs.”

“Great, I love hotdogs,” Lucas said as he picked up a couple of blankets while the others chorused their agreement. “Don’t need anything else today. Although chips ...”

“Yeah, there’s chips,” Billy interrupted, “and Fritos for Mike.”

“Yes!” Mike yelled as he ran after the other three.

“I didn’t buy Fritos, Billy, just chips.”

“Then it’s a good thing I did after I took a look at what you had Friday.”

“You remembered he liked them?”

“Yep. I’m not just a good-looking guy with great hair.”

“As I’m learning.” He threw his arm across Billy’s shoulders and this time he didn’t shake him off.

Once back at the campsite the boys took off for the toilets while Steve and Billy loaded charcoal into the barbeque and started it. By the time they got back the hotdogs had just gone on the grill and they dove into the bowl of chips on the picnic table while Mike tore open the Fritos.

An hour and more than a dozen hotdogs later the boys went to their tent to play some game while they sat at the table finishing their second beers.

“So, not a bad day, right?” Steve asked.

“No,” Billy drained his can and tossed it at the trash can. “Two points! It’s been pretty good really.”

“See, told you things would settle down.”

“Yes, O wise one, yes you did.”

Before it got dark they started the fire so it was blazing when they sat down around it. Dustin insisted that they sing “Ninety-Nine Bottles of Beer.” Billy stopped him at 89 by saying there had been an earthquake and the wall collapsed breaking them all at once. When Steve suggested “Kumbayah” the boys just looked at him, but Billy knew that one thanks to his mom and led them in a more than passable attempt at it, although he forgot some of the words and just hummed.

And of course they went on to scary stories as they made smores. Steve told the one about the choking dog. Mike tried but got two stories mixed up and they all ended up laughing. But they really seemed to like Billy’s “The Hook” probably because he made it sound like he knew the couple, maybe that he was even one of them.

Finally Steve looked across the fire and saw Dustin sleeping against

Will's shoulder.

"All right. Bed time. Go pee."

"I'm not walking all the way over there in the dark, even with a flashlight," Mike argued while the others nodded.

"Fine. Then take your flashlight and go to the edge of the clearing. Just don't wander off. Poison ivy, remember. I'll put the camp light in your tent then come and get later.

Steve and Billy went about cleaning up the area, making sure the fire was out and putting the coolers and garbage back into the wagon, then Steve got the camp light and they went to their tent. They both undressed quickly to their underwear, or rather Billy to his bare skin since he never seemed to wear underwear, and crawled into the sleeping bag. Steve turned the light off and stretched out.

"What are you doing?" Billy demanded.

"Uh, going to sleep."

"No you're not." He grabbed him and pulled him closer. "I've waited all day for this."

His hands quickly found the waistband of his briefs and pulled them down to his knees. "Now give me a kiss and let's see what I can do about this. Steve grunted when he grabbed his balls and held on tight, rolling them about in his hand.

"Ah, wait."

"You know you like that. And you like it even better when I stuff them in my mouth and work on them." His head darted down and before Steve realised it he was making good his promise.

"Jesus, Billy!"

Billy pulled down and let go with a pop.

"Yes, Steve."

“You know damn well I’ll cum in no time if you keep that up.”

“Uh huh. But, pretty boy, it’s never just the once with you, is it?”

“Mmmphhh,” was all Steve could get out as he sucked in his balls again and began toying with his hole.

“Steve, Steve.” Billy jolted upright and rolled over at the sound of Dustin’s voice. “Steve?”

“Yeah?” Steve’s voice shook as Billy tickled his ribs.

The flap of the tent unzipped and a light hit them both in the eyes.

“Dustin!” they both said at once.

“Did you hear that noise, guys.”

“No,” Steve struggled up on his elbows while Billy’s hand began a journey he wished he would put off. “Probably just the wind in the trees. Makes them creak sometimes even when it’s not strong.”

“Or maybe a bear,” Billy added as his hand began playing with Steve’s balls again.

“What?” Dustin almost dropped the flashlight. “A bear? Did you bring the bat?”

“There are no bears around here. Billy’s just kidding. Now go back to your tent.”

Dustin shone the light directly onto Billy’s face, making him hold up his unoccupied hand to block it.

“You were joking?”

“Yeah.”

“Jerk.”

“Go back to your tent,” Steve repeated.

“Fine. But you tell him that wasn’t funny.”

Dustin re-zipped the tent and left them in darkness.

“You really shouldn’t have done that.”

“Yeah. I know. Now where were we.” He found Steve’s cock. “Don’t want to have you think I’m ignoring this.” His fingers danced along the semi-hard underside where it lay exposed on his stomach.

“Billy! Steve!” A light bounced off the tent flap. “Dustin says there’s a bear.”

“I told you, didn’t I. No. it’s OK Lucas, there are no bears. There haven’t been any in this area for a for over a hundred years. Just Billy’s way of trying to be funny.”

“Jerk.” The light turned away and disappeared.

“You had to do it, didn’t you.”

“I didn’t think they would take me seriously.”

“Right. Scary stories before bed and then you bring up bears. See the problem?” He still hadn’t told him about the Upside Down and now, even though things had been quiet, he thought he might have to. And he dreaded that day.

“Yes. I’ve already been told twice tonight.”

“Yeah, but don’t let that stop you from picking up where you left off.” Steve grabbed his hand and guided it to his cock which was now soft from inattention.

“All right then.” Billy had just pulled his head back into the sleeping bag when there was a chorus outside their tent.

“Steve! Billy!” This time it was Mike and Will.

“There are no bears, guys. Honest.”

“Then what’s scratching at our tent?”

“What?” Steve was on his feet and was ready to start to the entrance

when Billy stopped him by grabbing his hand.

“Uh. Underwear, pants, maybe some shoes.”

He looked down at the briefs that were still around his knees.

“Right. Give me a minute and I’ll be there.” He struggled into his pants and stuck his bare feet into his shoes, grabbed the flashlight and went to investigate.

“OK, what did you hear?”

“Something at the side of the tent. Just scratching. It sounded big.” Both boys alternated in rapid fire, shining their flashlight back at the tent.

“Billy, get out here.” He had no intention of doing this alone especially when the fault wasn’t his. Billy appeared quickly at the flap, pushing his hair back, jeans zipped up but still undone at the waist. “This was your little misadventure so come on.”

All six of them investigated the perimeter of the tent and found a few scraps of wax paper and a plastic bag.

“Well, something was here.”

“What?” Billy asked as he looked around. “You can’t mean ...”

“No I don’t mean a bear, for Christ’s sake. Are you starting to believe your own bullshit now? Someone pick that crap up and stick it into the bag in the wagon.” He dug into his pocket and handed Mike the keys. “Don’t put it in the trash.”

“OK listen. There are no bears. Billy’s an asshole. It was probably just a racoon, they’re all over the place and they can get into anything. And finally. Billy’s an asshole. Now back to bed and try to stay in the tent this time.”

Steve watched as they closed the flap and then turned to Billy, shining the light on him

“And as for you.”

“Yeah, I know,” he threw up his hands in surrender. “I’m an asshole.”

“True,” Steve wrapped his arm around his waist and started walking him to their tent, “but I’m getting used to it.” He opened the flap and pushed him inside. “And it seems to me that you and I have some very important unfinished business to take care of.”

~~~ end ~~~

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